

Without a Fight

by slunt

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Summary: Mild Mannered Pate fucks the chosen undead in that place with the spiders Pate x Male OC, dubcon, smut

Without a Fight

Pate offered the rusted, bronze key to the Bearer of the Curse with a smile, with a blood drenched smile. Despite how little they had time to know each other, this man had saved his life from Creighton. This rugged, handsome young man with every ounce of humanity coursing through him, like a fresh breath in this horrid dimension. He was shaking underneath his armor, and his breathing was heavy and labored from the intense battle just moments previous. A tear rolled down his face. Pate wanted to lick it off his cheek, along with every drop of Creighton's blood that tainted the porcelain skin.

He knew very well Creighton and this man had met earlier, and Creighton probably filled his head with the deeds he had done while neglecting to mention his own. How petty. So it was safe to assume that the young man, Daniel, was second guessing whether or not he had chosen correctly. Little did he know, there was no correct choice.

The foolish young lad left the way he came in, through the balcony, undoubtedly to reap his rewards. Perhaps he'd even make it past the trapped chest- after all, he survived everything else thrown at him. Once Pate could no longer hear him, he shoved the bookcases concealing another path out of the way and traipsed down the stairs, across the valley, and maneuvered through the infected hollows that littered the area. The murderer had a devious idea to satisfy his growing desire for the Bearer of the Curse, one that included a ring he had enchanted using the only wonderful soul he ever acquired, with the help of his terrifying bird neighbor. This ring was called the Seductress's Bijoux, and it was presented neatly on top of the gauntlets in one of his loot chests. This ring stirred the arousal of anyone who put it on, and his lovely little undead would wear it. For

him.

Pate tucked himself behind an overturned table and hid. He could see him now through the table's splinters, cutting down spiders left and right, slaying all those who threatened him, until he was safely passed the threshold of the door (which was so rudely broken down.) He passed through into the corridor and, as soon as Pate could hear the key turn, he climbed out from his hiding place and crept into the corridor, shutting the door behind him. He moved as silently as flickering flames until he could see his prize open the tampered chest. The boy rolled back with a swiftness and shuddered at the combustion, but was unharmed. He pocketed Pate's collection of lucky coins and moved on to the next chest. The ring caught his eye- it was gold with a brilliant, hypnotizing ruby on the band. He put on the engraved gauntlets and almost dropped the ring in his merchant's bag before deciding to place it on his ring finger. Pate pounced into the room and shut the door.

"Pate...? What's wrong? Were you chased?" The poor boy was still shaking, so the sadistic man drew closer.

"Do you like the ring, Daniel? That is your name, isn't it? The ruby seems to just glow, doesn't it?" He berated Daniel with questions, closing in on him, pushing him back farther and farther until he was up against the wall- he made a desperate attempt to unsheathe his sword, but Pate was far quicker; he threw it back to the far side of the wall and returned to hold the cursed man's arms above his head with one hand. The other hand snaked down to feel the younger man's trembling thighs, then his pert buttocks, and then the aching erection now fully formed.

"G-get off. Pate." He writhed, and so deliciously so that Pate had to taste it- his words and tongue and lips. His kisses were merciless and everywhere, but such special attention was paid to Daniel's ears and lips. Pate could feel the blond grow weak when he breathed hotly into his ear. He bit onto the lobe before whispering, "there is nobody but me and hollows to hear you, Daniel. Creighton can't come save you, Daniel. You killed him...Daniel."

"Oh gods...he was right...you're a murder-" Pate cut him off with a fierce grind of their hips and teeth on plump virgin lips.

"Do you want to know something funny?" Pate inquired before caring for Daniel's now bloody lip with butterfly kisses. "If you had killed me, it would be our dear Creighton standing here, molesting you, showing you pleasure you didn't know you wanted...and it would not be as enjoyable as you'll find our affair to be."

With that, Pate spun the young man around and pressed him against the wall enough so that he couldn't escape, but loosely enough that he could pry the flimsy iron armor from both of their bodies. Their tunics had gone first, and that ghastly mark of the curse had Pate groaning in wretched arousal. He tongued the depression in the center of that dark spiral before tugging down Daniel's pants, leaving him bare to the killer's lustful gaze.

"You can't do this, you can't do this, just- just let me go, I'll go back to Majula, and we'll never see each other again. Please, please just don't kill me, Pate, please don't-" Pate interrupted him again with an expressive, horrifying laugh.

"I'm not going to kill you, Daniel, I'm going to ravish you. Perhaps it'll kill you inside when you realize how excited you are to succumb," he gripped Daniel's hard on as proof. "I could kill you afterwards, couldn't I? Yes...and you would come back, but without that beautiful, unmarred skin...oh, Daniel," he rutted against him, "you are divine beneath me." And soon, Pate's clothes were discarded to the floor as well. He pressed his own erection into the crevice of Daniel's ass.

"Can you feel me, Daniel? You must relax..." He pulled a flask of liquefied life gem from his pockets and generously coated his aching member. He tossed the flask aside and scooped a drip of the lubricant onto a finger. This calloused finger penetrated Daniel's tightness and eased in and out in a slow, heavy rhythm. The young man stopped moving out of shock and fear. At this point, disobedience could prove dangerous and painful.

Pate crooked his finger this way and that, anticipating Daniel's reaction when his prostate was massaged. It was obvious in the way the blond moved and spoke that he was virginal; his purity enticed Pate, and he struggled to restrain himself from mercilessly fucking him until he bled- this was a special person, who warranted special care.

Right there.

Daniel arched back and cried out with pleasure, with confusion. He could feel precum leak from his tip. Pate pulled him away from the wall and tossed him down upon the now closed chest, prostrated with his stomach up. Pate knelt down in front of him to lap up the stray fluid, causing Daniel to keen and squeal. The older man propped himself against the chest and steadily inserted his dick into the younger man splayed out before him.

"What are you- gods!" He cried out, covering his face in humiliation. Pate tore the arms away and planted them at his sides before assaulting his face with pleasant kisses that were so jarringly uncharacteristic of what Daniel pieced together about the man above him that it was almost...welcoming. He had to protest, though. He couldn't let himself enjoy it. He gasped when Pate licked at his ear, and more precum slipped out from his tip, much to his chagrin. Pate chuckled lowly, and gods was it attractive, and slowly pulled back before snapping his hips forwards and hitting that oh so special spot. Daniel's eyes rolled back for but a moment before he realized Pate was watching him.

He dared to look up and was met with Pate's smug face, cruel and sadistic, but adoring. Daniel couldn't be angry anymore, his fear pushed all other emotion out. 'Just let it happen,' he told himself, 'just let him do what he wants, and then he'll leave. If you upset him, he'll kill you. He'll hurt you. Make him leave satisfied.' And then Pate lifted Daniel's legs until the back of his knees rested on the older man's shoulders, the new angle allowed his prostate to be prodded at harder, and dizzyingly constant. He threw his head back and moaned in reluctant pleasure.

"That's right, my beautiful boy, accept this...enjoy it..." He shuddered and groaned as the pace increased, the hot friction drove him into a frenzy. Daniel couldn't control himself from this point on

and grabbed onto Pate's arms to for the sake of gripping something-anything, and he could feel how muscular they were and imagined how many people he murdered with his bare hands to get that toned. He couldn't make himself soft, though; the gruesome thoughts only spurred more precum, much to his horror.

"Pate. Pate. Please..." He wanted it to be over. He wanted to cum, clean up, and go back to Majula and sleep in this mansion, to nap in the sun just for a bit, just to clear his head, just to be out of this horrible, spider-infested place. The air was damp and everything was dark. He didn't want to cling to this murderer, but there was nobody else, and he desperately needed to hold on to someone.

Pate heard his pleas and bent forward into his thrusts and planted a small kiss on Daniel's forehead, and down to his closed eyes, his cheeks, and then upon his open mouth. He lapped at the dried blood and suckled on the wounds to draw more blood.

"Scratch me," Pate whispered hoarsely.

"W-What?"

"Claw at me, scratch me, make me bleed, Daniel. Do it."

Daniel turned his head to escape the sweet kisses and gruesome words before heeding his demands and curling his fingertips into the flesh of his arms, scraping down, leaving angry red welts behind. Pate rewarded him everytime he tried again with more kisses and harder, faster thrusts. The intensity became too much for merely holding onto Pate's arms. His hands frantically groped upwards until they wrapped around the man's back and dragged down again, harder, angrier, deeper, and Pate growled and arched into the hands while simultaneously grabbing Daniel's neglected, weeping member and roughly tugging at it. Those callous hands murdered many people. Daniel could feel his orgasm coming.

"Pate...don't- don't stop...I'm close."

"Beautiful...beautiful boy," he growled and bared his teeth in the nape of Daniel's neck, "If you cum now, you'll be mine forever; wouldn't you like that? How would you feel if you belonged to me-" he spasmed, groaned and thrust once more, "until both of our minds rot," another thrust, and finally Daniel was shoved over the edge. He shuddered and squirmed beneath Pate, eyes rolled back, back arched. Skin on cum soaked skin- Pate came into Daniel with a fierce, uncharacteristic howl that shook the young man to his core. He cried out Pate's name and finally dragged his nails down to prolong the murderer's orgasm, which did not go unnoticed.

The two men basked in afterglow, waiting until their sweat turned cold, and they were once again reminded of where they were. Pate climbed off of him and began to dress himself. Daniel's back popped when he gradually raised himself.

"How vulgar you look, Daniel...covered in your own seed. And look," Pate nudged Daniel's legs open to reveal his own cum dripping out of his ass. "Absolutely filled with me. Such a pretty sight, don't you think?" He chuckled.

"I'm returning to Majula," Daniel announced with a newfound strength.

"May I never see you again, you horrible monster."

"A monster?"

"Yes. You're a monster."

End
file.